I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
The heauy accent of thy moouing tongue,
And in compaſſion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd,
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.
King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my throne.
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, will know againe,
Beeing nere ſo little vrg'd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deſerued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad men) you violate

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